Mad Sounds

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by Raisedyoulikeaphoenix

Summary

Will decidedly explores once again Hannibal's empty home, he knows its wrong he shouldn't be there. As his mind slips he imagines the man there time again and again. It's when he passes out drunk one evening in Hannibal's old bed he finds a hand muffling his screams as Hannibal appears in the flesh form. He takes Will on a short elegant date or in Will's words a stupid kidnaping.

I

The air is thick as Will clutched his bottle of wine, he had a sick feeling in his gut it wasn't from the wine. He heard it this time again, more lovely than before, his voice.

Will chuckled nervously to himself, it was almost two in the morning he had walked around Baltimore for hours grumbling madly to himself. He had to stop so often for a chance to calm down, he was slipping down a path he knew that no one in his condition should ever be in, but then again he had nearly watched his adopted daughter die and found Alana's dead corpse on Hannibal's lawn so he had every right to be a bit cracked.

He was haunted.

"*Will, you came to visit*?" The sickly sweet voice echoed, he stopped shortly to see the house before him stood untouched aside for police tape and enough muddy footprints it was as he closed his eyes the same home as before. The bottle of wine had been Hannibal's, perhaps it had led him here to make amends with the place that had almost killed him.

The rain began to pour harder, he sneezed twice knowing it hadn't been his first time exploring the empty tomb of Hannibal Lecter's. it had gone to it almost every single week, after all the FBI couldn't find anything pointing the direction Hannibal had escaped to.

"Fucking morons." Will mumbled distressed he ran towards the home, finding the spare key he opens it to smell the stale stench of Hannibal's home it no longer smelt of food that was always cooking, it was empty dark and secluded.

Just like Will, he had turned to drinking to escape his numb hollowed pain each day he suffered nightmares and sometimes they were vivid enough to make the man long for a body to clutch to cry into someone else's chest.

The very cause of his nightmares was the one he longed for, "honey I'm home." He whispered to himself, as he explored the ruins of the home most objects were missing or covered in plain white sheets. He moved on to Hannibal's bedroom which held a four poster bed that no one had removed yet, smiling sleepily he walked towards the bed pulling off his shoes he laid upon it wrapping his body in the blankets, he clinched onto his scent his familiar taste in Will's mouth.

He heard a clap of thunder shoot across the sky, normally he would be scared by it, today he closed his eyes finding himself relaxed. He breathed through his nose wrapping himself in the sheets that were left behind.

He was sick, to be thinking of the monster that gutted him leaving him to die. He coughed a few times, he groaned knowing he was catching a flu, but it was mostly his own fault. Roaming the streets in a drunken haze, his clothing was thick and wet against him, he pulled off his sweater and shivered in his thin shirt, he decided against removing his pants keeping them on.

He counted on his thoughts to leave him alone for the evening, he closed his eyes slowly easing himself to a dreamless slumber.

The bed was soft, as he had remembered before, many times he had slept upon it. He would easily in the morning slip out the front door leaving the only place he felt safe, despite his own blood had once laid on the floor.

He was sick.

As his eyes droop he feels warm until he hears a creak in the floor, as his eyes open wide he looks around the darkened room feeling unsure he swings his feet off to look around, he moves towards the most typical place to hide in a bedroom.

The closet.

Feeling feverishly, he opened the door back a crack to see with a sighed relief nothing stood out of place, a few coat hangers hung and the smell of mothballs lingered.

Shutting the door he turned his back towards the bed, he stopped shortly feeling his breathing become hitched as before him sat Hannibal Lecter who wore a thin smile across his red lips, his dark reddish brown eyes glowed to Will in the darkness.

He fell against the dresser knocking over a few figurines in the process, he cursed as the pieces lodged inside his hand.

He was either really drunk or this was a bittersweet reality before him.

"That old expression Will? Be careful what you wish for." Hannibal's voice is low filling Will with a long desire to let himself fall apart, fight or run. His mind urged, his legs stayed put he couldn't even let out a gasp as Hannibal walked towards him caressing his face until he found his mouth covering Will's frightened muffled screams with his hand.

Will allowed his eyes to stare back at the monster standing before him.

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20 minutes before:

Hannibal couldn't believe his luck, as he carefully pulled his own key into his home, *former home*. Hannibal had many memories here, some good some bad. But his bittersweet memory was with Will, secrets, blood and words never shared with anyone but between the two.

Hannibal had cleansed his wounds, and Will had provided a friendship, until the last fatal wound.

Pulling off his rain slicker, he breathed in his home it had been months since had last stepped in the doorway, he sighed switching on a lamp to find it his power had long been switched off. No matter.

The home had been stripped of many objects, he made it upstairs towards his room, he stopped shortly the scent was tainted, he could smell a mixture of bleach, ammonia, a horrible stench of body odour. He finally settled on the triggering scent, *that horrible aftershave*.

"With the ship on the bottle, oh my Will. Haven't you been a busy boy?" He allowed himself to take in the image of Will his dark tangled curls, his soft pale lips he could form the blue eyes that formed like oceans engulfing ships whole.

He was familiar with the man's scent both of fear and the poor choice in a aftershave product, he should of known that Will couldn't keep away returning again to the crime scene, it was a bitter memory that tasted like lead to Hannibal. He opened his heart to Will showed him his life, he allowed himself to show Will the beauty and craft skill of his devolution towards a mind so much like his, he had pictured after Jack had rounded up enough evidence on Hannibal he would see the FBI coming straight for him, he thought of it a hundred times. He wanted to whisk Will away to surprise him with a family waiting for him.

Abigail was alive, Hannibal knew of that, so was Alana. Not that he cared anymore for the two, he still held a small opening wound for Will in his heart, it wouldn't heal.

Wiping back a small forming tear with the back of his hand he felt so strongly about Will, only for him to be betrayed in the end.

With tables turning, Hannibal had made the ultimate sacrifice. He had gutted Will in front of their adopted daughter holding onto Will until the very last moment, and to make his last message clear he reopened the wound on Abigail's throat.

He had left the two simply to die, taking the only thing he could have to remember Will by, his blood and his jacket that was laid upon Alana lazily. Then he had fled off into the night, now it had been months and his home was the first of stops he had on his list.

He had planned to visit Will from afar not daring to risk his freedom, lost in thought he almost didn't hear the mumbled slurs of someone down below, quickly he hid behind the door knowing it was childish but did the job.

His nostrils picked up at the scent of Will, his pulse quickened as he heard the man below muttering more nonsense to the empty home.

"Honey I'm home." Slurred Will who was rummaging in the home, a few pauses later the man had made his way up to Hannibal's bed and he suspected it wasn't his first stay or last.

He had slipped off his shoes then after a few moments his wet short was thrown off, Hannibal stood there for hours it seemed like, until he tried to move making the flood creak, setting the sleeping Will wide awake, with tension he moved towards the closet.

Hannibal made his move sitting upon the bed, there was no reason he could escape now, saving him a trip to Will's later on.

As the younger man returned towards the bed confused his heart dropped at the sight of Hannibal, who's lips were pulled back in a right smile, outside a clap of thunder roared on.

"That old expression Will? Be careful what you wish for." Hannibal says sending shivers up Will's spine and from the sound of it he managed to knock over a few figurines with the glass shattering it slit Will's hand open.

As Will howled out in pain, Hannibal made his way towards the younger man grasping onto him until he found his soft mouth he restrained the urge to kiss him, he wanted a simple talk with him, then he would apologise.

"It's going to be okay Will." He murmured to Will, "I am not going to hurt you."

As Will was beneath his touch he felt Will's skin become hot slick with sweat, he mused to himself as Will's eyes were only on him.

Using his power over Will he dragged him down the stairs taking him into the living room, he sat him on a sofa, he had grabbed a tie from his closet as he carefully tied Will's right hand in a knot against a armrest he sat next to him watching him.

"What are you going to do to me?" Will says frightened, "You can't be real, I'm just seeing shit."

Hannibal rolled his eyes in the dark, as he found Will's mouth once again he kissed him forcefully until Will's lips responded back giving Will a satisfied tingle, he counted Will's breathing and the response towards what had just happened.

"I want to talk Will, then I'll be gone."

Will shook his head in response Hannibal sat nearer towards him until he could almost taste Will's scent.

He felt a hunger rise in him as Will began to shiver more. Frightened and still Will hadn't tried to harm Hannibal, perhaps he still trusted the older man.

Whatever it was, Hannibal was intrigued by Will's interest in sleeping in Hannibal's bed.

II

"You could of slept in the guest room, the sofa or anywhere else but why my *bed*, was it a security blanket towards you?" Hannibal yearned to reach out and touch Will's face, he watched the man breathe in and out, he cowered like a wounded dog after Hannibal had kissed him.

No more fight in this one, only a calmness that was like a mask at any moment it was bound to be tore off, and Hannibal wanted to provoke that side.

"Will, I'll make you speak one way or perhaps." He stopped shortly as he tore off Will's pants that were damp, making Will's heart rate race against his chest he felt more exposed than ever before, as Hannibal's gentle fingers explored his skin as a musician would explore a new instrument before playing it for the first time.

His fingers stopped at Will's chest, he began to dig his nails into Will's flesh, as Will watched he could feel small dribbles of blood spill out, staining his chest. In response Will let out a low hiss, as Hannibal brought his mouth down on Will's collarbone trying to even cause a reaction in the young man.

Will curled his toes into the plush carpet trying to focus on anything, he thought of his dogs, he thought of fishing.

Nothing worked.

Hannibal watched the man struggle under his grip, taking his hand he pressed Will's neck back exposing his pale throat he used his strength as he bit down on on his throat letting Will squirm under his touch, Will gasped as Hannibal bit harder letting blood flow down his neck, surely to leave a bruise in the process, Hannibal took the palm of his hand tasting Will's blood, it felt electric in the air as the sky outside became lighter showing Hannibal's dark eyes.

"Are you going to talk Will?" Hannibal mused creeping his finger around his wrist that was tied down, he wanted Will to talk even if it was gibberish, he didn't care if Will spoke in tongues he longed to hear his voice.

"Fine. Come Will, it's almost daylight and we can't be caught here alone. After all I am a wanted murderer." He added and Will obeys as Hannibal grabbed his hand taking him out the home, stopping shortly to grab their clothing.

He couldn't leave evidence for the police, or anyone else in that matter.

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A short while later, after Will fought to keep his eyes open, he was loosing the battle while Hannibal not so much was driving them away from the safety of Baltimore towards a more empty location, the roads went from highways with many drivers to dirt roads with only the

forest as their witness, in Will's sleep deprived state of mind he watched out the window seeing the trees hid a much more sinister feel towards them, at one point he saw the ravenstag on the side of the road, it wasn't impossible- he saw things all the time that made people worry about Will, after that he moved in and out of sleep, letting the slamming of a car door awake him.

He sat up, with a blanket covering him to a vaguely similar place. His mind clicked, they were once again in Massachusetts, where Abigail's life had taken a sudden heavy turn, where Will had tried to shoot Hannibal after realising what a senseless monster the man truly was.

He was fully dressed in clothing that looked a awful lot like his own, he wrinkled his nose smelling a department store odour on them. Hannibal had come prepared.

He blinked and he's inside the home, Hannibal is mentioning something that burns his ears, he sees that daylight had already broke and wonders why Hannibal had not crept back into the shadows.

"I killed someone here, why are we here?" Will wonders aloud, he feels cold as Hannibal rubbed his fingers across Will's shoulders.

"To remember that feeling you felt, do you remember how we promised to be Abigail's fathers after all?" Hannibal mused as the words echoed in the empty home, it smelled of bleach, blood and each time he could feel Abigail's blood on his hands sticky and warm.

"Do you want me to remember family, is that why you dragged me out here?!" Will shouts at Hannibal, he calmed himself realising that it did no use.

"Family is what you make of it, it might not be blood related or even a simple vow can do enough to make a family." Hannibal walks into the next room, "as Abigail said once to myself and Alana *I see family*." He calls over his shoulder leaving Will alone in the living room.

Will leans against the wall, he counts the minutes by until Hannibal appears again, this time with a familiar face. Her eyes were hollow, haunted. The dark hair was pushed in front of the bandage wound on her neck, with a scarf tied loosely, she still had a hospital band around her arm and Will stopped cold seeing Abigail in such plain form.

Her china doll eyes glanced around the home and Will could tell that she felt awful as he did, she held her graze at Will's shoes unable to upon look him, and Will could understand that.

"How did you get Abigail, isn't she in a hospital?" Will questioned, he could only see the scenario on how it played out and it made him sick.

"You would be amazed William, how many people do not suspect anything when you are wearing surgical scrubs, not one soul glanced in my direction when I wheeled her out." Hannibal placed a hand protectively on Abigail's shoulder who shivered.

"You can't just take her away from the hospital! Jesus. What the hell is wrong with you." Will exhales slowly, taking the situation in like before.

"Would you rather see our daughter locked away in a prison cell hounded by the FBI on where all her grizzly murders took place? Because Will, she would be in the criminally insane just like you were before." Hannibal shot back striking a nerve in Will.

"This is your last chance Will, a last chance at family."

"A last gift." Will said bitterly, "so what happens now?"

Hannibal inched his finger towards Will, who felt like in a trance state as he moved forward, "perhaps we'll go away, find that stream you always were talking about."

"I'd like that." Will says quietly as Hannibal stroked his face, he flinched remembering how his last encounter went, instead he finds Hannibal's soft lips on his own and he knows then he must really be *unstable*, to let himself go back to the one that took so much away.

"I love you William." Hannibal says gently, Will nods finding himself much like Abigail unable to speak but full of relief.

Will follows the two out the back door, a car that was already packed with a few things awaited and as the sun burned his skin, he knew that he was going to be alright.

He had his family back, just as he wanted.

In the car ride, Will holds Hannibal's hand finding himself unable to sleep.

End

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